

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
Friday, July 22, 1910

OFFICE, BROWN'S BUILDING, BROAD ST.
SUBSCRIPTIONS:
ONE YEAR—One dollar and fifty cents
SIX MONTHS—seventy-five cents.
STARTLY IN ADVANCE.

Entered at the post office of Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania, as second-class matter, November twenty-first, 1898.

Advertising Rates.

On each advertisement... Each subsequent insertion... Reduced rates, furnished on application, will be allowed yearly advertisers.

Legal Advertising.

Administrator's and Executor's notices... Sheriff's sales, Orphans court sales, County Treasurer's sales, County statement and election proclamation charged by the inch.

J. B. VAN KIRK, PUBLISHER.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS
ROBERT BROWN,
Monroe Co.

FOR SENATOR
WISNER O. LEWIS,
Carbon County.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE
ALFRED MARVIN,
Matsuhoras, Pa.

Honesdale has a board of trade the object of which is to boom the town, and interest outsiders, especially from an industrial standpoint. Milford is in need of some such organization. Why cannot the business men of this town get together, put aside all petty jealousy and selfish considerations and cooperate to give Milford a big boost.

The hobble skirt is in fashion. Most of the girls are training for sack races.

Kansas exudes morality. The Out look is barred from sale there because it contains an article by Roosevelt denouncing prize fighting.

Siberia has just exported to this country forty four thousand pounds of eggs which have been placed in bond. Lots of cold storage in that assignment.

Mayor Gaysnor by closing the lobster palaces on Broadway after certain hours must want part of New York's population to go hungry and thirsty.

Dr. Crispen who is being sought for the murder of his wife last February is a dentist and that likely accounts for the fact that when people heard screaming in his house they paid no attention.

Thomas Jefferson Ridgway died at the home of his father ex sheriff and ex promethary Warren K. Ridgway in Matsuhoras Wednesday evening aged about 40 years. His widow and seven children survive him. The remains will be taken to Lackawaxton tomorrow for burial.

Reminded.

He placed a ring on her finger. "Now you will not go out with anybody else, will you, dear?" he asked. "No," she said, sweetly; "when they ask me I'll say I have something on hand!"

AHEAD OF TIME.



"You told me the boat for the island left at four o'clock, and I've waited now till after five!" "Yes, but she doesn't start running again till next summer."

THE JOKE WAS ON THEM.

Case of Follow My Leader at Which Girls Balked.

Two capricious young ladies planned to have some fun when a certain young man called to spend the evening. They thought it would be great sport to imitate everything he did. When the young man entered the parlor he blew his nose, which each of the girls promptly imitated. Thinking it a peculiar incident the young man proceeded to stroke his hair. Both girls followed. Then he straightened his collar. They did the same, and a few smiles and smiles began to appear in spite of them. Now it was the young man's turn. He was positive of his ground and calmly stooped down and turned up his trousers.

IT WAS GENERAL.



GIRL—My wife has developed a great passion for singing! GUY—Yes, but it's nothing to the passion your wife's singing arouses in the neighborhood.

The Manly Man.

"After you've been two weeks in the house with one of these terrible handy men that ask their wives to be sure and wipe between the toes of the forks, and that know just how much rubbing bread ought to have, and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun, it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes, it is so!" Mrs. Gregg finished with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to have sense about, but when it comes to keeping house, I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!"

The Social Scale.

The negro barber on a limited train running from an Eastern city to Chicago was once shaving a man whom he recognized as a well-known merchant of Albany. The barber worked with especial skill and was rewarded with a substantial fee.

When the barber was telling the other employees of the train of his good luck, he announced prominently: "He's shore a mighty fine gentleman, dat Mr. Smith; jes' a nice a man as you'd wantter meet. It's often been in his sto' in Albany, but this is the first time I's ever met him socially."

Exchange of Courtesies.

Senator Beveridge was deprecating a too warm debate between southern congressmen.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," said he, "and vice versa. We should all keep polite tongues in our heads. Only last night I heard a fat man say with a good laugh to a bow-legged friend:

"Jim, old man, you look as if you'd been riding a barrel." "And you," snapped Jim, sourly, "look as if you'd swallowed one."

Not God's Business.

Little Minna was saying her prayers. When she had finished her usual petitions her mother said:

"You have forgotten, dear. Make Minna a good girl, you know." "Oh, mother," she answered reproachfully, "don't let's bother God about that, that's your lookout."

Modest Ambition.

Kicker—Wouldn't you like to be so famous that people would restore your birthplace? Booker—I'd be content if I could make the landlord repair my present flat.

Chloroform Zoo Animals.

The practice of cutting the claws of the more ferocious animals of the London zoological garden has recently been greatly facilitated by chloroforming the animals. Heretofore it was done by sheer force by a squad of men, the animal being first secured by ropes.

Olive Oil on Chicken.

In cooking broilers all the juice is saved, and much of the flavor otherwise lost is retained by completely brushing over the fowl with olive oil before submitting it to the flames. A soft camel's hair brush should be kept for this special purpose where much poultry is served.

A Hospitality Hint.

When I expect a guest from a distance, I purchase a number of souvenir post-cards of our home town and after stamping them place them on the desk in the guest room where they can be addressed and sent back without any shopping being done by my guest.—Woman's Home Companion for June

Market for Old Horse Shoes.

Old horse shoes find a ready market in China. One steamer alone brought 300 tons of this iron from Hamburg. Chinese iron dealers buy the horse shoes and sell them to knife and tool manufacturers all over the province of Shantung. It is claimed by the Chinese that the temper of this class of iron makes it the best obtainable for knives and cutlery and also good for other tools. The reason ascribed for this is that the constant beating the shoes have received under the feet of horses has given them a peculiar temper absolutely unobtainable in any other way, and that tools made from them are superior to all others.

MAN'S DEST TO THE HORSE.

A Docile, Willing, and Useful Servant for Ages.

Of all dumb brutes the horse is the one which most deserves the gratitude of man. It has been his docile and willing servant for ages. It has helped him to conquer the reluctant earth. It has eased and aided him in the dull business of getting a living. It has played a greater part in human progress than many a race of men.

Until man had made the horse his servant and ally, the thing that we now know as civilization was out of his reach. The mere labor of getting his daily bread consumed all of his energies. But when the first plow, horse-drawn, was invented, a new era dawned for humanity. Thereafter man began to have leisure to plan and dream. Life became to him less a matter of muscle and more a matter of mind. It was then that progress really began.

The horse appeals very little to the theatrical sense. It is a silent, patient, undemonstrative beast, with little of the humanlike emotionalism of the dog. It does not dash into rages, nor is it a destroyer of burglars and kidnappers; it does not saddle down on heathen rags. One rarely loves a horse, perhaps, as one sometimes loves a dog. But in those drab but invaluable virtues which distinguish the honest friend and true comrade, willing to take his share of labor in the heat of the day, the horse is without a peer.

The day of the horse, say the prophets, is well nigh done. In another generation or two he will give way to soulless machines. We two-legged mortals will eat him, perhaps, or watch him race around a track, but we will no longer need him in our endless battle with the pitiless earth. So be it! Let him go—but let us not forget him! Time was when there were no devil wagons or gasoline engines, no locomotive or steam thrashers, and in that time man and the horse, laboring valiantly side by side, conquered continents and made the waste places bloom.

Keeping Its Fishers at Home. The bread which Indiana scattered on the waters has begun to return to her. More than five years ago the state fish and game commission began systematically to stock the lakes and streams of that state with fish. Utilizing the many lakes in its northern part as breeding grounds, the commission succeeded in securing several million fish of desirable quality. These were then distributed about the various water courses and lakes of the state.

As a result it is now estimated that about \$3,000,000 is annually spent in Indiana by outsiders who go there to fish. It is quite likely that as much more is spent there by Indians who previously went elsewhere for their sport. The cost of stocking the lakes was comparatively small. The handsome returns show that the money was well expended.—Chicago Tribune.

The "Luck" of Peacock's Feathers.

The peacock's feathers superstition is nothing like so common as it used to be. Perhaps Whistler's celebrated Peacock Room helped to break it down. At any rate, Peacock's feathers are ordinary enough articles of decoration in many happy and placid homes. There are shops in London that keep these bringers of misfortune at a shilling a bundle. Did the superstition originate because of the reputed pride of the peacock, on the "pride shall have a fall" theory? Or is it that the "eye" of the feather is supposed to see undesirable happenings, which somehow get published upon the houseposts? One rather feels that the beautiful tail was nature's compensation to the bird for giving it the most abominable of all voices.—London Chronicle.

No Nicknames with J.

What you want to do for that kid," said the old bachelor, who had backed off suspiciously from the new baby. "Is to call him something that can't be nicknamed. The way to do that is to give him J for a middle initial. I have made a study of proper names and their nicknames, and I have figured out that there isn't one chance in a million of the boy whose middle name begins with J ever being nicknamed. Positive immunity is guaranteed by William J. Just cast your eyes over the William J's you have heard of, and see if one of them is ever called Bill by any except the hopelessly jocular, and even they don't dare say it to William J.'s face."

Maager Reward.

"Well, Willie, I hear you have a new little sister at your house." "Yes, what do you think of it? Here I've been asking for things in my prayers for a long time and then to be handed a lemon like that."

A Clever Writer.

Patience—You say she is a clever writer? Patience—Very. Why, I've known her to use a fountain-pen without getting ink all over her fingers!

The Honorable Milkman.

Mrs. Youngbride—Mrs. Smith says there is lots of cream on her milk bottles every morning. Why is there never any on yours? The Milkman—"I'm too honest, lady, that's why. I fill my bottles so full that there ain't never so room left for cream."

A Lot Anyway.

First Small Boy—My faveer is very rich. Second Small Boy—How much has he got? First Small Boy—It's either a thousand or a million dollars, I forget which.

Blundered.

"He's always getting himself in wrong." "What's he done now?" "Told that young mother, when she showed him her baby, that his sister had had three just like it."

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